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The Eye Opener

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J. B. ALLISON
and HAWES HATS
W. DIMOND CLOTHING CO. Limited.

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Elections on October 26th, 1908

IT IS TIME FOR A CHANGE!

Careful calculations show that there will be an even break to the Great Lakes. MEN of the West, it is up to YOU!!

Eye Openers

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Price, $1.00 a Year.

The circulation of this issue of The Eye Opener is 22,500 copies.
Our Eastern Representative is John S. Scott, 13 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. He handles all business east of Winnipeg.

Item worth remembering: Six per cent. of the whole vote changed to the Conservative side will defeat the government.

* * *

A man was induced to attend a spiritualist meeting, although he said it was all humbug. A friend introduced him to the president, who begged the visitor to ask some question of the medium.

"Ask him where my father is now." After the usual proceedings, the president said, "The medium has answered that your father is in Ottawa."

"Well," said the visitor, "he has made a mistake, for my father has been dead these years."

"I am sorry," replied the president, "I will ask the medium again," and this was the result:

"Sir, the medium says that there is no mistake, that your father is in Ottawa. The gentleman who died three years ago was your mother's husband."

* * *

What is that farcical Senator, old Dewdney, doing, lurching all over the Lethbridge constituency as Skinner comic supplement, knocking Charlie Magrath and making a fool of himself generally? He ought to go and bury himself in the Saskatoon cemetery. He really ought to. The graveyard chamber is surely not the only place where they take it stiff.

* * *

It has come at last!

The same old cuss, the same old game!

And to think that we were such fools as to think that our dearly-beloved Alberta politicians were any better than those elsewhere!

Kindly prepare for a shock. If your nerves are in any way tender, don't read this story. Kindly neither reading any further.

(We repeat, while you are taking your drink).

Howard Douglas, Superintendent of National Parks; a government official and an active, aggressive and most efficient worker in the Liberal cause, both Dominion and Provincial, suddenly evinced last year an unaccountable interest in Lethbridge farm properties. It was a source of real wonderment at the time, why this government official was investing in land adjoining the town of Lethbridge. But nobody is wondering now.

Read on, Macduff.

* * *

On the 12th of November, '07, the N.W.L. Co. sold S.E. 5-9-21-4, transferred by Charles Carey, formerly Superintendent on the C.N.R., to Howard Douglas, government official, for the sum of

$4,000.

Inside of six weeks, on December 29 —forty days—this property was transferred by Howard Douglas to the Crown for a site for the Lethbridge penitentiary for the sum of

$8,000.

A profit of $4,000 in less than six weeks by a government official on a government deal, is pretty handy to what do you think?

The question in this case means Cushing's and the Attorney-General's departments of the provincial government at Edmonton.

* * *

The important question arises: What previous understanding was arrived at between some member of the Alberta provincial government and Howard Douglas, government superintendent at Banff and their most valuable political ally in the Banff district, whereby that gentleman was prompted and enabled to buy up that quarter-section of land adjoining Lethbridge for $4,000 and turn it over to the provincial government at Edmonton inside of six weeks for $8,000?

These are the facts, and they cannot, like the facts in the Morang deal, be disputed, because they are a record in the Calgary Land Titles Office.

* * *

Howard Douglas is and always has been a good personal friend of the editor of this paper, but we can say either him or W. H. Cushing, minister of public works, or Attorney-General Cross, get away with this dazzling exhibition of high finance. It is just such operations—deals—which will no doubt will be explained away on the ground of legitimate buying and selling—that have served to darken the reputations of so many of our public men in Canada. This is the first trick of the kind that (to our knowledge) has been turned in the new province of Alberta, and we dazzling any more of it.

There seems to have been one or the other mysterious deals in transfers of property to the government—notably, one at Edmonton—which might get the blind staggers under a close investigation, but we question if they can, proportionately and relatively, come up to the Juicy Howard Douglas coup.

* * *

But then again, it is quite possible that all the profits from this remarkable deal did not reach Howard Douglas's pockets. There is a well-known and highly approved process of buying and selling between provincial governments and members of their party, whereby one of their henchmen sells some property to the board at a very large figure—twice, three or four times what he paid for it, the henchman is allowed a reasonable profit for himself to reimburse him for the stool-pigeon act, the balance of his astonishing profits going into the fund used by the government for campaign purposes to keep themselves in office. After all, it is the people as a whole who have to pay the campaign expenses of a government that is in power—Conservative as well as Liberals being tapped off in the manner above indicated.

* * *

We cannot say how this property came into the hands of Charles Carey —as the transfers in the Land Titles Office show that it must have done—for it originally belonged to Mr. Intertift, who sold to the late Captain Macdonald, the latter's widow selling it in the autumn of 1906.

Another piece of land adjoining the one above mentioned—the E½ of S. ¼ of Sec. 25-5-21-4—was purchased from Mrs. Mary S. Macdonald by Carey and Howard Douglas on July 20, '06, for $2,800, and transferred to the Crown (good old Crown) for $4,000. This being but a small deal, is not worth bothering about.

* * *

What we object to is the Provincial government, and Alberta following in the footsteps of certain "investigated" departments of Ottawa, covering up and putting in the way of political investigations nice big fat cash rakeoffs which the taxpayers in the long run have to pay. These obviously unconscionable deals will have to be stopped. The people of Alberta will insist on this sort of thing being cut out and that sooner Mr. Cushing and Mr. Cross realize this, the better it will be for them.

* * *

It is quite on the cards that a big chunk of the profits on this sixteen-weeks-$8,000 deal are being devoted to the campaign expenses of that miserable little grafter, Simmons. He, of course, is mere conjecture, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility. Some one has got to pay the expenses of the candidate, of the various government officers and of the spellbinders. Why not the people? What are the people for, we should like to know, if not to promote the personal fortunes of the professional politicians?

* * *

Some one is threatening to put Prince Hamlet on the stage. There will be a good idea. Hamlet is about all in it.

* * *

Last year, when he married her for her spondulicks alone, everyone frankly foretold exactly what would happen. And the wayward young lady insisted swaying on the bedroom hearthrug and tearing himself out of his evening kit, the lynx-like eyes of his mature spouse spotted a brunette silk tie-hat suspended from the top peak of button of his undervest. "Oh, oh!" she cried, "this, then, confirms the private detective's report: another woman has supplanted me. Now, Charley, understand, sir, once for all that I will never play second fiddle—"Second fid'le," he laughed, with alcoholic bravado, "secn' fi'—thash good —thash damgood—see here M'ria, you're dam'sickly to be in band at all."

Then the row began.

* * *

His own party have trained up a job to send Sir Frederick Borden to the nuisance ground. We would not like to reside in the vicinity of the nuisance ground, for the stench will be something awful.

* * *

A Liberal member of the Civil Service Commission is quite frank in his openly-expressed statement that "in every one of the last four or five years the millions of the government's expenditures have been wasted or pilfered."

Heavy on the pilfered.

* * *

Charlie Magrath's prospects of success in the Lethbridge district are getting rosier as the days go by. He is greatly assisted in his campaign by the asinine tactics of Simmons, his opponent, who, at the beginning of the month of December, will—God save us all from any of his kidney—be a member of the Dominion Senate. And to think that this same Devebar was assisted into public life by Mr. Magrath, who put him the only election by acclamation he ever had in his life. He should have and tries to bite the hand that fed him. If he ever bites Magrath's hand, that gentleman will get hydrophobia to a dead certainty, for Devebar's horror of water has passed into a proverb.

* * *

As for the man Simmons, he takes the bun. He boasts that he carries the Mormon vote around in his pocket as a solid unit, but as we have a pretty good opinion of our Mormon neighbors we should hate to believe it. Peddle up this way, sir, you have, give them credit for more intelligence.

* * *

Et tu, Pettipiece!

* * *

"Well," said the doctor cheerily to the nurse as he walked down the corridor of the hospital, "and how is old Bill's temperature this morning?"

"I don't know. I was just wondering what it was myself."

"You were just wondering? What do you mean?"

"Well, doctor, you see—excuse me, there's a white thread on your coat—it's off now—old Bill died during the night."

* * *

We have an excellent joke for this issue. Here it is, but don't hurt yourself into hysterics over it.

The Liberal press have strayed into our flock we shall deem it our duty to turn them out."

Sir Wilfrid at Sorel, Que.

* * *

That sublime idiot, Jack Dennis, C. P.R. Grand Mogul and Supreme Head of the Obfuscated Ditch, has put his foot in it again and is liable to get a fine kicking from his horse in the east. This semi-ready autocrat, by his tactless action, has stirred up a feeling of intense indignation amongst the Americans from whom the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Company receives eleven-twelfths of its business. Through his benighted conduct the C.P.R. has been placed in a most embarrassing light with the American consul located at Calgary. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has been communicated with in regard to the matter.

* * *

Two years ago Calgary was honored by the Congress of the United States by being given a consulate of the ninth class, since raised to the seventh class. Mr. Hotchkiss, of Independence, Wisconsin, received the appointment, came out here and rented offices in the building of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Company. Following the custom of consulates all the world over, he hung out the coat of arms of his country, though he raised the flag only on very rare and extra-special occasions. Dennis expressed his sorrow and disgust at the American coat of arms being hung outside the building and had a message conveyed to the consul to that effect through Mr. Wheeler, then publicity agent for the company. The Semi-Ready said that it was "a flaunt to John Bull." Wouldn't that let your granny's slate?

* * *

Consul Hotchkiss paid no attention to this, as he was not taking the offices from Mr. Dennis, but from Beiseker & Davidson, who naturally did not care whether the coat of arms was there or whether it wasn't. They figure disposed, in fact, to think that it was rather advantageous than otherwise from a business point of view, seeing that practically all their sales of land were made to Americans. Besides, it had a friendly look and acted as a sort of welcome to a class from across the line who are doing more to add to the prosperity of this western country and increase its value than any other.

* * *

Unfortunately, in course of time, Beiseker and Davidson withdrew from their connection with the company and Dennis assumed control. His personal demeanour towards the American consul was stand-offish and of the quietly insolent order. Finally, Dennis saw his chances.

* * *

About the end of last June Grover Cleveland, ex-president of the United States, died. American consuls all over the world hung out the stars and stripes at half-mast, orders being issued later on from the State Department at Washington to keep them flying half-mast for thirty days. Consul Hotchkiss, of Calgary, had his flag out at half-mast in honour of the memory of the dead ex-president, as per good taste as well as per instructions.

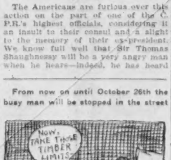
* * *

About this time along came some narrow-minded, ignorant slob from the rent hell of Ontario and made a kick by letter to the C.P.R. officials at Winnipeg about the flying of the American flag from their Irrigation Building in Calgary. The C.P.R. at once communicated with Dennis, asking for an explanation. What Semi-Ready wrote back, of course we don't know, but of this we feel morally certain—he never explained the peculiar circumstances of the case. He could not have explained, that the flag was flying at half-mast on account of Grover Cleveland's death. He that as it may, a few days later Dennis gave the American consul notice to vacate the premises. The American consulate is now located in the Alberta Block.

* * *

The Americans are furious over this action on the part of one of the C.P.R.'s highest officials, considering it an insult to their consul and a slight to the memory of their ex-president. We know full well that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy will be very angry and when he hears—indeed, he has heard

From now on until October 26th the busy man will be stopped in the street



forty or fifty times a day by the man who knows all about those timber limits.

Old Mother Laurier went to the cupboard to get this poor dog a bone, but when she got there the cupboard was bare, because the other canine descendants residing in the same house had nailed everything in sight.

by this time—at his lightsteeping underling's brash behaviour. It is the special interest of the C.P.R. to have a welcome hand extended to all American who come into Canada either for a visit or for the purpose of settling and becoming Canadian citizens. Local American consul not, therefore, blame the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for this unfortunate episode. They may take our word for it that the high officials at Montreal and the Company's directors will be quite as mad about it as the Americans themselves.

* * *

In Consul Hotchkiss' Exequatur is the customary order from King Edward VII. calling upon all British subjects to render every assistance in their power, etc., etc., to the American consul Hotchkiss, of Calgary, and his flag out at half-mast in honour of the memory of the dead ex-president, as per good taste as well as per instructions.

* * *

This incident has already reached the States and we can assure you that in its journey it loses nothing in the telling. The American consul himself was specially desirous that no fuss be made about it and has contented himself with sending a friendly communication to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy on the subject.

* * *

"I beg pardon," said a man to Clifford Sifton one day last session, "but am I rightly informed that it costs you $50,000 a year to live?"

"You are."

"Then why do you do it?"

* * *

As the Dominion parliament always contains such a plethora of cerebral intelligence, it is a wonder that it prolongs it doubtless can get along very well without the society of Simmons.

* * *

A Chinese gardener was the owner of a parlor car, and he was holder of the big red-headed policeman who was on duty on their streets. Soon his red-headed policeman was a son, who, alas! was also red-headed. Said the puzzled Chinaman to his red-headed son:

"Velly funny thing, me selee cabbage, up come cabbage. Me selee lettuce, up come lettuce. Me selee Chinaman, up come policeman. Velly funny, velly funny."

* * *

Frank Sherman in a speech delivered last night declared that the Liberals were "the forged which —after the trouble they had with their own operators had been adjusted, used these words.

"The miners will never forget the efforts of Mr. McCarthy on their behalf and he may rely on the active support both of the miners and of myself."

Sherman and McCarthy are by most friendly terms and from the above words of appreciation it may be gathered that the former's zeal on behalf of the mines he espouses has not lessened his regard for Mac as a public man, striving, like himself, toward the betterment of political and economic conditions in this broad land of ours.

* * *

Those Liberal magnates of the Lethbridge electoral district who failed to put up Simmons, not knowing a live one from a dead one, have discovered their mistake at last.

* * *

Though your made-to-order Liberal partisan would no doubt indignantly deny it, it is well known to be a fact that in high government circles the defeat of Sifton, Burowes and Turriff would be hailed with a sigh of relief. It is this coterie of crooks and their grafter friends that have placed Sir Wilfrid Laurier's political life in jeopardy. Nothing else. They are regarded by their own side as an everlasting disgrace to the party, it being frankly conceded that there is but the thinnest of a hair between them and the penitentiary.

Now then, you, Richardson, Campbell and Daly, get busy.

* * *

Our friend Glen Campbell is to appoint Burrowes in Dauphin. He cannot beat the impenitent thief after all these disgraceful exposures, then the moral tone of the Dauphin constituency must be distinctly on the bum.

* * *

It was during Sifton's regime that the Cross Nest iniquity was consummated. By this outrage Canada paid more than three million dollars for a railway subsidy, while the real subsidy, the most valuable coal area in the West, was passed to a coterie of Siftonian politicians.

* * *

In the opinion of men of no particular political leanings, who desire nothing save the welfare of Canada, the greatest danger in returning the Liberals to power at the forthcoming elections is the possibility that Clifford Sifton may be taken into the cabinet. Of course, Laurier dare not insult the country and risk defeat at the polls by taking him back just now, but what may he not do if returned to power, possibly settled down for another long term? For aught the Canadian public knows to the contrary, Sifton may be found at the head of one of the great spending departments within two weeks after election. It is devoutly to be hoped that the people by their votes will avert the possibility of any such dire calamity.

* * *

A German scientist says it is possible to tell a man's brains. He must have run across Simmons at some stage of his career—possibly when he was studying the ape family in the interests of ethnological research.

* * *

One would imagine that with a 22,000 circulation the Eye Opener would get an occasional ad. from the business men of Calgary. As it is, we have hardly any ads worth mentioning. It doesn't snow this winter we'll starve to death, sure.

* * *

The mistress was interviewing the pretty parlormaid, who had announced her intention of getting married.

"Of course, I can't prevent you from marrying, but I should be sorry to lose you. Your husband cannot live in the house—that is understood—and I'm afraid I shall not be able to give you a holiday for your honeymoon."

"Why, mum," said the girl, "I'm a-goin' to have my honeymoon three weeks ago."

"Ah!" said the lady, instantly, "Three weeks' notice, I suppose you mean."

* * *

The astounding manner in which the people of Canada are befooled and their pockets besieged by the deliberately misleading statements of cabinet ministers themselves, is something that might well appal the country. Take the contradictory statements made with respect to the cost to the country of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

By one party the expenditure is estimated at something like $215,000,000. By the other the figure is placed at $88,000,000, and both cannot be right. A more remarkable conflict of opinion, however, is to be found if we compare the estimate of cost as given by the Government four years ago with that given now.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier presented the first estimate. He said, when introducing the scheme:

"The sum total of the money to be spent by the Government for the construction of that line of railway from Moncton to the Pacific coast will be in the neighborhood of $11,000,000 or $13,000,000 and not a cent more."

Mr. Fielding, the Baron Munchausen of the administration, thought he would improve upon Sir Wilfrid's calculation. He said:

"It is an actual fact, an indisputable fact, that $12,000,000 will cover every cent of the country's expenditure in connection with this railway, and that $5,852,345 of money advanced, taken with an insurance or an investment company, it would have grown enough by the time the railway is completed to actually pay all the expenditure that the country will have to make."

This romancer thus cut the estimate of his leader down from $12,000,000 to $4,853,655. Then came to have Minister Graham giving another story, its gems in Parliament on July 11 as follows:

"Take the $26,348,676 of interest on the Eastern section and the terminals. I have mentioned, add $11,304,500 interest without remembering that we have to pay on the construction of the mountain section, and we have $34,763,-176 for the interest to be met before it through line from the Pacific Ocean to Moncton."

The estimates of cost, therefore, stand thus:

Mr. Fielding	$ 4,853,655
Sir W. Laurier	13,000,000
Mr. Graham	34,763,976
Actual figures nearer	200,000,000

below the Graham figure, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was $25,000,000 out, according to his Minister of Railways. Mr. Graham's figure is nearer the approximate figure in the case of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding. But the Graham figure, $25,242,976, is also misleading, as it does not include the cost of the railway, which is being built at the public expense, and presents that we are not required to pay the money we are laying out, some

$200,000,000.

* * *

The make-up man with his box of grease paints arrived at the court house and hurried to the anteroom, where the prisoner was waiting. The prisoner were impatiently tapping their feet and rubbing their maledictions on the head of the tardy artist.

Immediately on reaching the room he began manipulating his paints, pasts, brushes and other tools and materials. He proceeded to lay on the cosmetics with bold, skillful strokes, he continued to protest his innocence of any intention to injure the name of the defence by being behind time. Finally, he had finished and handed the women started for the mirror to take turns at looking to see if all was right. But the first moment they glanced a shriek of dismay and fell backward in a faint.

The second did likewise.

So did all the others.

Nothing more serious there had been some dreadful mistake, the make-up man looked hurriedly at his inspection sheet and then screamed with terror.

It was one of the days when the women were all to look on-the-verge-of-collapse, and though a rest for the dates he had made them all look hopeful and confident.

Standing at the room, he ordered the court to delay the session until the dreadful error had been remedied.

* * *

Malcolm Mackenzie says that Herron and Cushing are fools to keep going to see that he is defeated, cost what it may. Well, the friends of John Herron was one of those who helped to expose Mackenzie's disgraceful Blairmore Townsite Steal in the House and showed Mackenzie up in a very bad light. Mackenzie can never forgive being shown up. We wonder if this has anything to do with the Chronicle flopping over. What with his townsite and coal site juggleries Mackenzie has done enough to fix up a thousand such papers as the Chronicle.

Now is our opportunity to put an end to the Reign of CORRUPTION and GRAFT ! ! !

Began the day well with the Calgary Tea Largest sale of High Grade Tea in the World!

Signor Stewart wanted to sing "And for Bonnie Wilfrid Laurier I'd lay me doon and dee," but the committee were of opinion that the "lay me doon and dee" part of it was too suggestive.

(Continued from Page One)

M. S. McCARTHY,

Calgary's popular Member and Member-to-be, who is to be given a complimentary banquet on the evening of Saturday, Sept. 26th, by members of the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Trainmen, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the C.R.Y. and the B. of L.F. and E.

This Smoker is given by way of showing appreciation of Mr. McCarthy's work on their behalf last November, when the railroad men prepared the most successful legislative proposition ever placed before the five organizations in Canada. McCarthy gave the men legal advice and valuable information pertaining to parliamentary procedure etc., at great personal sacrifice taking this pleasant way of thanking him for his services in assisting them to frame up what proved to be a most satisfactory plan to overcome the several adverse decisions rendered by the Dominion railroad men throughout Canada. Many flattering testimonials for his services, stating that he considered it his duty to assist the railroad men over other industrial organization in his constituency to the best of his ability.

Maitland S. McCarthy has done more towards developing the affairs of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the city of Calgary and forcing this company to get busy with the construction of its various branches than all the members of parliament, boards of trade, industrial organization and newspapers put together.

It was McCarthy, as a member of the Railway Committee, who personally prompted and got passed that vital amendment to the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Line Bill, whereby the Company would be compelled to build their branches within two years and complete within five. This was done in June, 1904.

McCarthy opened the discussion on his own amendment and saw the thing through.

K.ac has certainly done his part toward making the G.T.P. build this way at the earliest possible date, and to say—as Opposition papers say—that he has been throwing obstacles in the way of railroads coming here is one who has nerve as well as ability. But before placing it before you we must have your assurance that in case you cannot take it up yourself you will not interfere with our placing it before any other business man whom we may wish to bid in on this snap.

Receiving this assurance, Vance proceeded:

Some two years ago four or five Pittsburg millionaires entered a running horse in a livery stable in Detroit. On the day of the race they substituted a ringer of unlimited speed. Nothing was known of this by any one besides themselves, except the jockey and trainer. The scheme was negotiated by their financial agent and confidential man, my own brother-in-law, George Fletcher. They did not bother the amount of money they were putting up at the ringside, as it would at once have aroused suspicion and lowered the odds in a few moments—the odds being at the opening 15 to 1—so they very shrewdly placed their money in pool rooms throughout the States. However, owing to a leak, some of their intimate friends at the ringside got on to the game and sufficient money was bet at once to immediately bring the betting down to even money. These facts, coupled with the fact that the horse romped home an easy winner, aroused the suspicions of the track officials. The matter was at once investigated and the truth came out, with the result that the jockey and trainer, as well as the horse, were ruled off the American track not, however, before this bunch of sporting millionaires had cashed in their bets and cleaned up between two and three hundred thousand dollars."

By this time Fred was getting immensely interested.

"Now," continued Vance, "my brother-in-law, George Fletcher, was not allowed to participate to any extent in this killing. He is feeling a little sore in consequence and has planned since that time to get some of this money from his employers on exactly their own game. But he has had to wait until he could get them away from Pittsburg. Of course, they have kept the horse, jockey and trainer since that time, as they would confidence in the horse's speed and are willing to back him for any amount in any matched race that George can arrange. A few weeks ago the Pittsburg party left for Denver, Colorado."

In proof of this, Vance here produced a clipping from a Pittsburg paper showing that the millionaires had left for Denver on a combined pleasure and business trip and expected to remain there some two or three months.

"Now came Fletcher's opportunity," went on Vance. "He and the trainer at once arranged a match race in Denver with a horse from Cripple Creek for a side bet of $10,000. This was only a starter and the Pittsburg men would have put up any amount of money on their horse. This matched race, however, fell through on account of the Cripple Creek horse being a mile horse and their own horse, Jimmy Lossing, being a half mile horse. There had not been a thorough understanding as to the distance to be run.

This was all to show Fred how the bunch happened to be at Denver—horse, jockey, trainer and backers.

"Now," proceeded Vance, "Fletcher and the trainer, to carry out their plans, at once sent to Kentucky quietly and brought up one of the fastest half mile horses in that locality, and their scheme is to arrange another matched race, their opponents being only too keen to back their horse against anything in the country, and having absolute confidence in Fletcher and the trainer, they will do so without any hesitation or suspicion. Fletcher naturally has to take into his confidence somebody from the outside whom he can trust. Who would be more naturally turn to than myself, his brother-in-law?"

"Why indeed!" said Fred, his eyes popping out of his head.

"Now," went on Vance, "you will see for yourself that the one thing lacking to work out these plans successfully and not to arouse suspicion in any way is to secure a man with sufficient financial standing and nerve to pose as the owner of this Kentucky horse and conduct the betting, which would run up to nearly $100,000 on either side. This money, of course, would all be supplied to such a man by Fletcher."

Vance here explained that Fletcher was extremely anxious to get a man of good financial standing, who would turn out to be exactly what he said he was in case any suspicions were aroused after the race and the Pittsburg men made investigations. This was very essential to safeguard Fletcher's position with these men, especially as his wife was a sister of one of the millionaires.

This, gentle reader, may sound like a romance, but it is almost word for word the tale as it was handed out to Freddie Lowes, and certainly would sound plausible to one hundred men out of one hundred, unless they had been hounded on some similar game before.

Vance further explained that Fletcher preferred to get a man from some place other than the Western States. To further show the absolute impossibility of their plans falling through in any way, Vance proceeded to assure Fred that even though the Kentucky horse was not fast enough to beat Aimless, he was bound to win anyway, he the jockey of Aimless stood in on the game and would, if necessary, pull his horse.

"Now, Mr. Lowes, you are the man we want, and we deem it extremely fortunate to have accidentally run across you as we have."

"It is very good of you to say so," said Fred, as he went to the door and told some customers to come around tomorrow.

Their straight proposal was that Fred was to take the train for Denver as soon as he could conveniently arrange his business affairs. Immediately upon his arrival in Denver he would be met by Fletcher and taken to private quarters where arrangements would be completed. Vance was to wire them at once, so that everything would be ready for the race within a day or so after Fred's arrival, so as not to take up any more of his time than was necessary. The betting was to be conducted as follows: Fred was to be given—to commence with—$10,000, which amount he was to place against another $10,000 supplied by the Pittsburg party. This $10,000 would be placed in the hands of Fletcher as stakeholder. This would certainly be agreeable to the Pittsburgers and not against the wishes of Fred. Fletcher was to secretly hand over this $20,000 to Fred, who would bet it over again against a like amount. This $40,000 to be again handled in the same way, making $80,000, which, if Fletcher thought advisable, would be again doubled, the trainer and Fletcher all this time encouraging the Pittsburg syndicate to "go it," under the assurance that Fred had an absolute cinch.

Now, here is an important part. All Fred was asked on his part to take along or have forwarded to any Denver bank a letter of credit for say $5,000 or more, simply to back up his standing in the event of an investigation and to show that he had a large amount of money there in a bank.

It was this last proposition that first aroused Fred's suspicions, although he was shrewd enough not to show his hand at this time. He simply said he would give them an answer in a day or two. He was guaranteed forty per cent. of all profits. As a matter of fact, Fred was gradually becoming alive to the fact that there was a deliberate attempt being made to victimize him for a large sum of money, although up to that time he had not made up his mind just what their scheme was. He decided to give them rope and encouraged their hopes for three days until his friend Alderman Alf. Moodie, president of the Western Turf Association, returned from the east. What Moodie doesn't know about this kind of game in connection with the turf has been left out of the book. Alf laughed when Fred told him the story and said that the same game had just been successfully worked on a Winnipeg syndicate to the extent of $50,000. Alf explained to Fred where he would get off at if he went to Denver on this mission. He would be given the money to bet all right and it would be re-handed to him several times, as above explained, but at the last moment after a large amount had apparently been put up, they would suddenly be shy about $10,000 of the amount the millionaires wished to bet at that moment. Naturally, any man, in the excitement of the moment, who had already bet such huge amounts for these people, would be willing to loan them whatever amount he had in the bank until the next morning when the bank opened. This shortage, according to their scheme, invariably occurs after banking hours when it is impossible for them to quickly raise enough money. This is where the victim's letter of credit comes in handy and if duly signed over to the gang, who were a very daring and dangerous bunch of crooks, would have been working this game in the Western and Southern States for several years. They work their scheme, also, in connection with other forms of sport besides horse racing.

On hearing this, Fred immediately became very wealthy and wanted to go in at once and wipe the floor with Messrs. Vance and Gage, who were lounging around kicking their heels at the Alberta Hotel. Alf dissuaded him from this, so Fred had to think up some other way of teaching these men a lesson and showing them that they had their kind could not come into Western Canada and play good clean sportsmen for suckers. The manner in which Fred taught them their lesson is, as we have already remarked, one of the best jokes that has been pulled off in Calgary, or, for the matter of that, any other place north of the equator. We allowed the pair to enjoy their anticipations for a few days, as a horseman might play with a hooked trout.

When he was ready, Fred invited Vance and Gage down to the Imperial Hotel for a drink. This happened about one o'clock in the morning, three weeks ago. Arriving at the hotel and while they were waiting for a drink, Fred quietly arranged with the clerk for a room, and, making some excuse about further discussing the matter, he suggested that they go upstairs. On the way to the Imperial Fred had met his brother Bert, who, quite unconsciously, joined the trio. On reaching the room Fred closed the door and locked and pocketed the pair to be seated. Bert Lowes threw himself on the bed and decided by this time that there was something doing.

Now comes the amusing part.

Vance and Gage were in high fettle, thinking they were getting closer to their quarry. What was their horror when Fred Lowes, with his back against the door, turned to the pair with an expression that has never been seen before on the usually genial countenance of their supposed victim, and Fred said:

"Well, you are a fine pair of ——— ———. You thought you had caught a fine sucker, didn't you? I've been next to your game from the first day you left my office and I'm going to teach you a lesson that you won't forget and one that you can take back to your dirty gang."

Here Bert pricked up his ears.

"Now, Gad, how much money have you in your clothes?"

Very pale, Mr. Gates put his hand in his pocket and produced a little silver.

"That doesn't go," said Fred. "Where's your wad?"

"Under the carpet in my room, 78, in the Alberta Hotel."

"I know you're lying," said Fred, "but I'll come back to you in a minute. Now, Vance, how much have you?"

Vance, who was trembling like a leaf, replied, "I only have a little silver."

"That also is a lie," replied Fred. "Where is your roll?"

"Under the carpet in room 78, Alberta Hotel."

"Hand over both keys, you ———."

"——— Now, Bert," said Fred, turning to his brother and tossing him the keys, "I will give you ten minutes exactly to go to the Alberta Hotel, search under both carpets and return to this room. If you are not back in ten minutes, or if you return before without the money, I'll beat the heads off these two ——— ———, so that they'll both be in the hospital for six months. Now hurry up."

Bert hesitated about leaving Fred alone with the crooks for fear they might have a gun, but Fred said, "Go on, hurry up!" so off he went.

Fred closed and locked the door, seating himself on a chair against it.

"Now if either of you two ——— ——— open your mouths I'll beat your heads off."

Then the three sat in silence for nearly the ten minutes. Vance and Gage were uneasy and white as death. Bert returned within the stated time with the information that there was nothing under the carpets in either room.

Fred here took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, saying:

"I'm going to give you men fifteen seconds' start and over your mug, Mr. Gates, you first."

A couple of seconds' hesitation, and out came his roll, amounting to $70. Gates was wearing a beautiful diamond ring worth over $200, also a diamond ring and a gold watch and chain. Fred made him hand them all over and threw them over to Bert on the bed.

"Now, Vance, for yours. Hand it all over and be d——d quick about it, you ———."

"Give it to him," cried Gates. "He means business."

Vance hesitated a moment and drew from within his coat a roll of fifteen hundred-dollar American bills. Vance had no jewellery, but he had on a nice gold watch and chain. Fred took that from him and tossed the same over to Bert.

At this point we may mention that those valuables, diamonds ——— and chains and money are at the present moment reposing snugly in the vaults of the Northern Bank here in Calgary. Mr. Lowes does not exactly know what to do with the stuff, but will probably convert it into cash and give it to some local charities. But to finish the narrative:

"Now, Gage, what train do you want to take out of town?"

"I will ride on the first," said the crestfallen Gates.

"And you, Vance?"

"I guess I'll go with Gates."

"Well, then, if you don't want to be handed over to the authorities, don't lose that train. Good night!"

That night they disappeared.

It just shows the difference between success and failure. Simmons, of Lethbridge, who is now conceded to be practically a defeated man, was not so easily buffaloed as a fifty young lawyer. Now that he has failed to get a look in at the head of the menage he is openly spoken of by prominent members of his own party as a fiasco. It will be remembered that there was some talk, shortly after Premier Rutherford's visit to the Old Country, of requesting Simmons to ——— ——— and permit of the selection of a stronger candidate, but they put it off too long. It is too late now, anyway, with the elections five weeks off.

* * *

"Lord, now lettest thou Thy black sheep depart in peace, for they are putting me on the bum."

(Sir Wilfrid at Sorel)

* * *

The C.P.R. are giving special rates to the various exhibitions which will be held shortly in British Columbia. These rates are most generous and afford the ordinary individual and his family a splendid opportunity for a visit to the principal coast cities. Look up the advertisement in another column.

(Continued on Page Three)

L. H. DOLL SPECIAL ON THE DIAL

WATCHES

A Watch for a lady, 14 carat gold hunting case, engraved fully or plain with monogram, $25.00.

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Telegrams: Nolan, Calgary.

(Continued from Page Two)

Farmers, give ear! One of the planks in Mr. Borden's platform is
Improved postal service, more especially by means of rural free delivery.

* * *

We have never been quite able to understand the bitter personal enmity felt by our local Conservatives towards Duncan Marshall. The editor of this paper has known Mr. Marshall ever since he came West and has found him rather a fine fellow. Simply because he is a spellbinder whose brand of oratory produces results, there is no need for our Conservative friends to get mad about it and froth at the mouth. They point to Marshall's political record in Ontario as being something appalling in its crookedness whereas, on the other hand, we know and have met lots of Ontario men at both sides in politics, who were acquainted with this much-talked-of man back East, and they almost all speak of him as being personally honest and perfectly square and above board. On the q. t., we don't believe an Ontario politician could be "above board"—quite, for politics in that province are too complex for angelic tactics and both sides have perforce to be unscrupulous to a certain extent in order to hold their own, the one against the other. But that does not justify local Conservatives in tearing Mr. Marshall's character to tatters. As for ourself, we take a man as we find him.

* * *

Billy Lauder, lightweight champion boxer of Canada and a respected young citizen of Calgary, is billed to meet Kid Merino, a mitt artist of renown. This contest should draw an immense crowd, especially as Merino's record in the ring proclaims him a dangerous man, his very name suggesting all that is wild and woolly. However, our faith in the immortal Lauder is unshaken. The date is set for Sept. 26, and will not conflict in any way with the Bennett-Marshall bout.

* * *

Remember Louie Long? Well, Louie Long (of Spokane) knocked out Eddie Santry at Taft, Mont., the other day, in the seventh round of a one-sided bloody battle. The newspaper accounts say that Long literally cut him into strings. Santry was so badly used up that he had not recovered consciousness three hours after the fight.

It will be remembered that Billy Lauder gave Louie Long a fine trouncing in Calgary.

* * *

From a Dauphin newspaper we glean the not very surprising news that excavation work has been started on the new Post Office and that an army of men have been put to work. Burrowes, the unspeakable Burrowes, represents the Dauphin constituency and this new Post Office is merely one of the many bribes that will be handed the electors. The very name of the candidate suggests underground methods.

In which connection we note that the Dominion Government has within the past few weeks donated a large tract of land to the town of Nanton, for a park. This is supposed to help Macdonald's candidature in that district. Indeed, since the government's donation of this park, the leading man in Herron, the Conservative candidate, has fallen from the rather prohibitive odds of 11 to 1, that he was in the election, to 12 to 1. It is curious that no benefactions of a similar nature are ever bestowed on any of our towns during the long years that elapse between elections. The park in question has been named the Nanton Ante-Election National Park and many a pleasant time is expected to be had in it. The committee at a meeting held last Saturday decided to allow Conservatives to play in it on Mondays and Wednesdays.

* * *

And the Winnipeg Sifonian Post Office is to be opened next week. This, too, ought to help some.

* * *

It has been proved to the hilt from documentary and other evidence sufficient to satisfy any reasonable citizen—sufficient indeed to satisfy any person willing to listen to the evidence—that as racially a gang as ever held up caravan or scuttled ship loaded the timber, grazing and coal resources of this country in a manner that would do credit to the buccaneers and pirates of earlier days. That nobody is behind the bars up to the present, that the machinery of the criminal courts has not yet been set in motion, and that the looters are still at liberty, no doubt trying desperately to unload their ill-gotten swag upon unsuspecting third parties, is like a tribute to the long suffering patience of the people, and an illustration of their dense stupidity and of the death-like apathy to public right that has seized them and which appears to hold them in a vise-like grip.

The above is the utterance of R. L. Richardson, the old-time champion of the people's cause and the people's rights. It is one of the many exposures arrayed against Turriff, one of the pirates referred to. Richardson can easily beat Turriff on an even break, but the odd man, Smith, is liable to injure his chances to a serious extent. Why does not Smith pull out, and thus ensure Turriff's defeat? He ought to, if he has a spark of patriotism in his composition.

* * *

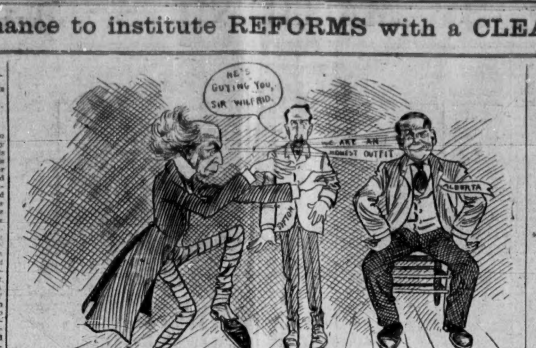
If we were to be tried for theft, being guilty, we should hate to have this lawyer Simmons of Lethbridge defending us. The infantile arguments he puts up on behalf of the discredited and decadent party of which he is a gem, show that carrying the hod is not in his line.

* * *

We happened by the purest chance the other day to be perusing that excellent French newspaper published in Edmonton, Le Courrier de l'Ouest. The leading editorial was a warm encomium of Attorney-General Cross for his thoughtfulness in having the Provincial Statutes printed in the French language and for his generosity in supplying these volumes to the French people free of charge.

This is awfully kind of Charlie. Will he be good enough to explain why English-speaking people in Alberta have to pay $1.40 per volume for the same?

Say, what's the size of the French vote, anyway?



Sir Wilfrid, the hypnotist, finds difficulty in throwing Alberta into a state of moral insensibility.

Listen to this, you 18-bushels-to-the-acre farmers of the East!

On the 20th of September last year Mr. Burnett, of Nanton, sowed 71 acres in wheat. He had summer fallowed the land, which had been under crop once before. When he harvested the crop this fall it yielded, ejaculate measure, 4,700 bushels, which was 66¼ bushels to the acre. Not only was the yield great, but the growth of the straw was wonderful, for it averaged 6 ft. 6 inches.

Mr. Burnett had considerable experience in wheat-growing before coming to Alberta. For some time he was farming in Manitoba, where he met with great success, but he never had such yields as he has had since coming to this province.

* * *

To our mind the most unfortunate thing about the two political parties in Canada is that the honest men are mostly indifferent, while the really clever, brilliant men are mostly crooked.

* * *

Neither one of the great political parties has anything on the other. If the Liberals have their Sifton, Turriff, Burrowes and Adamson, the Conservatives have their Foster, Lemieux, Fowler and Rufus Pope. So what are you going to do about it?

* * *

We will tell you right now what to do about it.

Vote for the Man, not for the Politician. The Man first, last and all the time, and do not allow your better self to be hoodooed by the curse of every unintelligent, unthinking community—party partisanship. Keep the honor of Canada foremost in your minds and to hell with the machine.

The Eye Opener's list of desirable candidates is as follows:

Frank Oliver. He needs no boosting from this rag. We are quite aware that he regards the Eye Opener as a rag, and perhaps he is right.

Dr. Clark in the Olds constituency because he is an intellectual giant and of a type, so far as personal character is concerned, that now-a-days on the may—lead to good moral results amongst the members of his party in the House. Politics aside, Clark is too good a man to keep out. His views are sound on the "Tariff for revenue only" policy, and coincide with our own. Maitland B. McCarthy. This candidate is a cinch. If he isn't, he ought to be. After Oliver, Mr. McCarthy is the most prominent member west of the Lakes. (We don't count disreputable characters like Sifton and Turriff)

In the event of a Conservative victory Mr. McCarthy will undoubtedly be offered a seat in Mr. Borden's cabinet.

Charles A. Magrath, in the Lethbridge constituency. Magrath is a man of spotless character, a splendid type of the straight, honest Westerner, has had lots of legislative and administrative experience and has put in half a lifetime developing the resources of South Alberta. The people of this constituency, old-timers and new-comers, simply cannot turn Charlie Magrath down. His opponent, on the other hand, is an unsuccessful law sharp, aspiring to earn an easy livelihood as a professional politician at the expense of the public. This constituency has been Duncanmarshalized to the limit.

John Herron, in the Macleod constituency. Mr. Herron, like Mcdarthy, was one of the hard-working Western members, always in his place ready to take active part in every debate where the interests of the West were concerned. He did yeoman service for his constituency, and, as the sports say, "made good." Here, too, are unmistakable signs of Duncanmarshalization.

E. W. Day, in the Strathcona constituency. This gentleman, being heavily interested in farming enterprises and having on his own initiative founded and settled an immense agricultural district of which Daysland is the centre, is desirous of representing a farming district in parliament. It is a laudable ambition. Mr. Day has done things. He is a man of achievement and everything he has accomplished so far has been for the advancement and improvement of the country immediately to the south of Edmonton. His opponent is one of the greatest men you ever met. But he is a Strathcona Stanbones and completely out of touch and sympathy with the farming element. He not only voted, but delivered a lengthy speech in the House against free rural mail delivery. In other even more important respects Dr. McIntyre failed to make good. This constituency has not only been Duncanmarshalized to a finish, but is even now being Strathcona'd into the bargain. Cheer up, Day. The night will pass.

H. L. Richardson, in the East Assiniboia constituency. Richardson is a virile and fearless man, a brilliant writer, an advocate of the highest interests of the common people, a fearless, broad man of noble ideals. The constituency of East Assiniboia will do honor to itself by electing as its representative this brave fighter. Mr. McCarthy will undoubtedly be offered a seat in Mr. Borden's cabinet.

That is our slate so far. We are recommending only those candidates of whom we have personal and special knowledge. In regard to constituencies elsewhere, there is little doubt but that George H. Cowan will beat McInnes in Vancouver and that Tyrrell-Kemp will be put down for the count by Barnard. As for the battle elsewhere, we know absolutely nothing as to how it is going. One cannot glean authentic political information from Canadian newspapers, for they are all blindly partisan and color their stuff accordingly.

* * *

Great Scott, read this! Who'd have thought of it of that genial pet bear of the Field Station?

The eight-year-old son of William Lynes, a conductor living on Field was nearly killed last Monday by the pet bear kept at Mount Stephen House. The lad was playing with the bear which is a large black animal, four years old.

The bear suddenly picked him up and carried him into a den built with cement. At the sale of A. Jas. McDonell, one of the contractors of the C.P.R. in Big Hill Tunnel, the bear and boy disappear. After great difficulty he succeded in pulling the boy out. McDonell wrestled bodily with the bear for several minutes before he could get the boy away, and by this time the lad was scratched, but not seriously injured. The boy received conscious-ness later. The bear was shot and killed afterwards.

Which will be about all from Pete.

* * *

That was a pitiable sight down at the Pogt the other day when that old skinflint, Jimmy Ashdown, mayor of the city, appeared at the police court in person to prosecute one of his employees for theft. To make conviction certain, Jimmy brought his own lawyer. The crown prosecutor was not strong enough in Jimmy's estimation.

The accused was a lad of 14 H. was charged with stealing $1.50—having taken goods to that amount. His defence was that he merely forgot to charge himself on the books with the goods taken and that they were there. If the routine was established by long usage in the establishment. It was proved by the lad that the night he was drawing $7 per week, and had been employed in the Ashdown store since he was 11 years of age.

Jimmy ignored his lawyer in his grim determination to send the lad to prison and appealed personally to the court to do so.

Great God in heaven, contemplate this spectacle! Remember the story of the time when this same Jimmy Ashdown cornered the coal oil in Fort Garry and sold it at a thousand per cent. profit to the men who had rescued him from the clutches of Riel.

Police Magistrate Daly promptly released the kid.

* * *

We were mistaken in stating last week that Dave Macdougall was Chairman of the Liquor Commissioners. He did hold that position, but resigned some time ago. In any case he had enough influence as ex-chairman and still favorite to get preference over others in the matter of that house license. A MacDougall selling booze is an anachronism, anyhow.

(Continued on Page Four)

MRS. McHASH—"What are you young gentlemen whispering about? Come, now, no secrets in the family."

MR. HOLDBACK—"E—Mr. Slobster thinks this is coffee, but I claim that it is coffee and tea mixed. How about it?"

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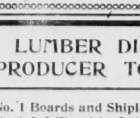

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Wattsburg Lumber Co., Wattsburg, B.C.

STAND BY MAITLAND S. McCARTHY ! ! !

(Continued from Page Three)

Charles A. Magrath, though a Cockney man and a worthy one in the modern sense of the term, takes great pride in referring to himself as one of the citizens of South Alberta and of the Lethbridge District in particular. His first step was to build a house there in 1885 the citizens of Lethbridge formed a Board of Trade and this Civic Committee Mr. Magrath was its first president. The town of Lethbridge became

C. A. MAGRATH.

incorporated in 1891 and he was elected of course, their first mayor. He has never since been induced to act again in that capacity, but consented to serve on the town council.

In October, 1891, Mr. Magrath, while acting as mayor, was elected by acclamation as Lethbridge's first representative in the Legislature. That he was popular in those days of the past he was re-elected by acclamation in '94 and again (I think or about) '97.

Premier Haultain took Magrath into his cabinet as one of the non-resident members of his government. This meant a return to his constituents and he was again elected by acclamation.

(This is the man whom the Simmons, Deverells, Malcolm Mackenzie bunch are trying to defeat! Poor fools!)

In the general territorial elections of '98 Mr. Magrath retired for business reasons. He was, however, asked and worked to bring out Dr. Devebear as his successor and was instrumental in securing him the only acclamation that Lethbridge Souther ever had.

The high estimation in which Charlie Magrath is held by his friends in the Alberta world is shown by the following warm words of appreciation which appeared in the Raymond Chronicle, Nov. 18, 1905, written by the editor, Brigham S. Young:

"That Mr. Magrath has severed his connection with the A. R & I. Co. is a matter of sincere regret to a large number of people in Raymond and district. If that severance meant Mr. Magrath's departure from the district regret would be succeeded by grief.

"The honored gentleman's kindly courtesy and approachableness have made him many warm friends in this community whose good wishes will follow him in the future as they have been with him in the past. The Chronicle considers Mr. Magrath a particularly fine example of the Canadian gentleman."

* * *

About this time, also, the Lethbridge Herald, which is now doing its best to get Mr. Magrath defeated by one of its own stockholders, Simmons, had a highly eulogistic article on C. A. M. "He has been foremost," it says, "in promoting the interests of the country. It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Magrath is one of the foremost and most esteemed citizens of Alberta, being genuinely popular with all those who come in contact with him. Ever courteous and affable, he has a host of admirers."

* * *

In the Legislature Mr. Magrath introduced and carried through the first bill for the regulation of coal mines in the Territories. The miners down that way should not forget this.

It was Magrath and Elliott T. Galt who conceived the idea of an irrigation company.

C. A. Magrath has been the man among men in the development of Southern Alberta. In the evolution of the Alberta Railway & Irrigation Company he became land commissioner, but he was the man who stood the brunt of the hard work in Lethbridge. He had full charge of the irrigation work in its pioneer stage and watched it assume its present perfect fulfilment of an idea. He resigned his office in the company in the spring of 1906. Whatever praise may be given to other men for their labors in behalf of Lethbridge and all Southern Alberta, too much praise cannot be given to C. A. Magrath.

* * *

There is neither excuse nor justification for the candidature of Simmons. He is not the calibre of man who should be sent to the Dominion House of Commons at all. Like Macdonald, John Herron's opponent, he would be lost in the shuffle entirely and rapped by his party leader for merely as "a vote," not as a thinking and speaking representative of the people. Therefore the electors of the Lethbridge district don't want this kind of a man.

* * *

Money was running low at the city hall and the streets were in need of a daily watering.

"Well, have to raise the dust to lay the dust," said the mayor.

"Or, we'll be asked to get up and dust, ourselves," added Ald. Horsley, who is of a merry turn.

"Dust thou art?" put in Watson, himself no mean jester.

"Oh, go to heaven," observed Treasurer Burns, who has no patience with flippant people.

Then, asking Crispin Smith, they all sauntered over to the Queen's.

In spite of the feeling of pained surprise that filtered through the West when the Minister of the Interior was found to be stultifying himself and besmirching his reputation for fearless honesty and independence by his actions there perfectly well to be a series of colossal jests on the part of his predecessors in office, Sifton and Oliver, and followed by Joe as well as friend that Frank Oliver has turned out to be the most satisfactory manager of interior affairs that this country has had for quite a long period. Oliver's record as Interior Department since Oliver took hold is as clean as a whistle and the reforms instituted by him—notably the one in connection with the future methods of disposing of timber lands—must prove of inestimable benefit to the settler as the years go by.

* * *

That new Land Act will ever stand as a monument to Clifford Sifton's name. By the simple process of throwing open the odd-numbered sections for homesteading, over one million acres have been taken up within the space of one short month in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Oliver has been a queer mixture, of course. One day he will be the old Frank Oliver and the next day he will be the new Frank Oliver. Today he is up on his legs defending with considerable heat the grossest graft, peculation and corruption the British Empire has ever seen, while tomorrow he may be observed bringing in a drastic measure to head off the make impossible for evermore a repetition of the very graft he has been dragging the existence of.

* * *

Cutting out the glaring inconsistencies, due, as everybody knows, to political expediency—for the public must be fooled at all hazards when the safety of the party is at stake—Frank Oliver's reputation as a successful minister of the practical, common-sense variety, is safe. He fell down on the Pringle episode, but partially redeemed himself by firing Girouard. He made an awful botch of the Hairmore Yewatis fiasco, but did the square thing by the South African veterans. That many of Frank's admirers on the Conservative side—and he has many—regard as mistakes on his part, are matters of mistake at all. When he is the part of a Grit thief, whitewashing Sifton and giving the convicted thief's guard promotion, Oliver knows he is doing wrong. His moral sense is as keen, if not keener, than that of the everyday man. He knows he shouldn't do it. But, as those who know Mr. Oliver personally will readily admit, he is actuated by two overmastering motives—one is, loyalty to his party, and the other is a dull, throbbing feeling of obstinate antipathy toward his political opponents, which, if formed into Gilverian language, would say: "If those —— —— think I'm going to make admissions that will help their bloody-blank hif-hand Yorkety-blank-blank cause, they're going to be left at the post, blankety-blank their eyes."

* * *

And thus our Siftons, Turrifs, Burrowes, Frasers, Adamsons and such like become men of spotless character, while the Rev. John Pringle of Dawson is held up to the country as a liar and a busybody. We do not travel around enough to find out just how much the Canadian public relish being taken for a multitude of fools by those in power, but we presume they rather like it, for outwardly they behave with the most abject submission under grave provocation.

* * *

In our list of agents published in last week's issue, several were omitted unintentionally whose good Vancouver agent who handles 500 copies, selling them at 10 cents a copy. All our efforts to have them sold on the streets of Vancouver for five cents have hitherto been in vain, but arrangements are now being made whereby the ten cent holdup will be stopped. Then our circulation in the coast city will go up with a bound.

* * *

There is no department in the Canadian civil service so satisfactorily conducted as is the Post Office Department. Throughout the immense country the despatching, carrying and delivering of the mails is well nigh perfect. In no branch of the public service can there be found such a steady, hard-working and uniformly intelligent class of employees. Cursed with long and irregular hours, they plug along without a murmur and stay with their daily or nightly work until it is finished, cheerfully and with almost incredible patience. This, of course, is due in a great measure to the care exercised in selecting the P. O. employees. If, in some cases, the remuneration is anything but commensurate with the worry, the responsibility and the actual work itself, one never hears a kick from within the ranks. They are a faithful lot.

* * *

At the same time, we should like to draw the attention of the Postmaster-General to the shockingly inadequate salaries received in this neck of the woods by some of the railway mail clerks. Not all of them, of course, for the older and more experienced men who get mileage in addition to their regular salaries are treated more generously by the department. But the every mail car there are, in addition to the one experienced hand, two or three other mail clerks, sorting letters, handling packages and working away to beat the band, who get the most miserable pittance of \$40 a month. $55 may be all right back in the east belt, but out here in the West the payment of such a sum by way of remuneration for a month's work, is simply a disgrace to the Post Office Department and a grave reflection on the good sense of the Postmaster-General.

* * *

The peripatetic life a railway mail clerk necessarily involves more or less living at hotels. There is no getting out of it. A bed at Medicine Hat, Gregory or Moose Jaw is half a dollar and you cannot get a meal anywhere under half a dollar. Everything in the West is either a dollar or half a dollar. The only thing a quarter will buy that is of any avail, is two drinks. Even a small glass of beer out here is fifteen cents, with everything else in proportion. This salary of $55 a month may more or less than a sorry practical joke and the poor devils who through stress of circumstances have to "accept or go without," are the victims. If this is the way the P. O. Department runs up its surpluses, they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

* * *

The employment of an intelligent, hard-working, educated man in the government service should not be such as it did often does—to a perpetual struggle for bare existence on the part of that man. The laborer is not only worthy of his hire, but is entitled to a fair share of the plunder. Where in such a position that he can participate to a certain extent in the comforts and amenities of modern life. Such a man, because he works for the government, to be placed in an unjustly position amongst his fellows? We hope not.

* * *

In this case it is not, we feel sure, that the Postmaster-General and his deputies at Ottawa wish to grind down their Western employees. It is simply this, that they do not understand conditions out West. They never come out to see the situation for themselves. If they would honor us with a visit to Calgary for a month they would find out only too quickly that a dollar in the West goes no further than does two-bits in the east belt where they live, more and have their being.

* * *

For the express benefit of those who are a bit confused over the notorious Timber Limit Steal, we publish the following from R. L. Richardson's paper, the Tribune. The facts therein stated are on record and cannot be confuted, except by thorough-paced liars.

Will any man in East Assiniboia be fool enough to vote for Turriff after perusing the following account of this man's trickery? It is, of course, only one sample out of many.

* * *

Perhaps the most serious and glaring charge of all the galaxy made against the department is the one relating to the Cedar Lake timber reserve. This is a sixty square mile berth in northwestern Manitoba. It was put up by the department without sufficient notice to enable any one to examine it and tender, which was no doubt the object the officers of the department had in view. A W. Fraser, the Grit Ottawa lawyer, who always acted in most cases for Burrowes and most of his aliases, sent in a tender for $1,005 for the berth. A tender from James Currie for $4,420 unexpectedly turned up on the day for closing tenders, and immediately there appeared in the department a third tender also sent in by A. W. Fraser, only he forged the name of W. H. McVat to it. This tender was $7,000, just enough to capture the berth over Currie's tender. The question naturally arises, How did Fraser, who sent in the tender for a thousand dollars, know that it was necessary to send in another for $2,000, unless Turriff, in whose safe the tenders were supposed to be kept, told him? Then think of the circumstances of forging Nolan's name to the tender. Nolan is a close personal friend of Turriff and an old room mate. The two men have been associates for years and are chums. Indeed, it is suggested that they are mixed up closely in deals. The evidence indicates that the Nolan tender had been handed to Mr. Turriff in blank and the $1,000 filled in either by him or under his direction, although this has been denied. The two tenders, one for $7,000 and one for $7,000, are both in Fraser's handwriting and bear the same date, only that the price, $7,000, was written by another hand, by another pen, and is different-colored ink.

It will be remembered that Mr. Turriff and the government fought strenuously against producing the original documents which proved all the facts just enumerated.

Is there any citizen outside the lunatic asylum who would not give a verdict upon such evidence and more especially when all the other vault of secret transactions are taken into consideration?

The surprise is that the opposition did not impeach Mr. Turriff and the rest or those who were concerned to that and other transactions which were almost as bad. Surely Mr. Borden is too timid. In our judgment, and we believe in the judgment of most of the people, there is more than sufficient evidence in the documents themselves to impeach Mr. Turriff. What Mr. Borden was thinking of to let the case go one cannot conceive.

* * *

After the berth was knocked down to the Burrows interest (for Nolan promptly wrote to the department saying Fraser would look after the thing for him), someone wrote the department asking that the timber on the adjoining islands, etc., be included in the sixty square miles, and there is in existence Mr. Turriff's letter acceding to the "very reasonable request" which added nearly a fifth more than the original amount. No sooner was the transaction through than a prospectus of the berth was issued describing the vast amount of pine timber on it, and asking a figure which, if obtained, would bring the lucky group SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

And yet Turriff is the man to whose recase Mr. Sifton's organ comes, and it quotes his denial of price, $7,000, was written by another hand, by another pen, and is different-colored ink.

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* * *

And this is the same Turriff to whose defence Mr. Sifton rushes and who according to Turriff's statement to the convention that nominated him recently, only accepted the nomination because Sir Wilfrid had insisted that he should be a candidate again in view of the charges against him. In his Sorel speech Sir Wilfrid intimated that he might throw the offenders to the dogs, but he will never raise another squeak against them. One can understand Mr. Sifton defending Mr. Turriff, for if the latter goes, what becomes of Clifford himself?

* * *

But what of the rank and file of the Liberal party who never got a stick of timber or a scuttle of coal and who have now to swallow all the dirt and apologies for the brothers-in-law — the Siftons, the Turriffs, the Adamsons, the Bettes, the Burrowes, the Jim McGregors, the Hitchcocks, and all of the nobody great and scoundrels small associated with the "hicky group"!

Are they all happy?

Or does nobody care?

Though a trifle cramped for space this week in account of the unprecedented elections, we really must find room to give a topographical cheer for Teddy Webb and the clever opera company which revolves around him. The actor's performance in Fantana is the best individual exhibition of the comedian's art that has been performed in this neck of the woods since the buffalo were exterminated. Mr. Webb has been flattered—remember the rabbit—and when we say that he has the manager voice and knowledge of the late John L. Toole coupled with the amusing burlesque methods of Edward Terry of old Gaiety fame, our old country friends will know just what he is like. In certain other places Webb was not so happy, owing to lack of fat in the pot, but even then he was responsible for many an honest peal of laughter. The company has no weak spots, and in the polished language of William Winter, dean of dramatic critics, it "may justly be termed a cracker-jack. All Calgary is anxious that Fantana be repeated some night next week.

* * *

E. L. Richardson has again earned distinction for himself by the phenomenal success of his Alberta exhibit at the Toronto Fair. From all accounts the exhibit of the resources of Alberta has been presented in our eastern friends in such a unique and striking manner as to have become the big bit of the Fair. Richardson is certainly on to his job. Why not make him an alderman next municipal election? Making good seems to have become "a perfect habit with him," as Harry Lauder would say.

Men of the West NOW is your opportunity.

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